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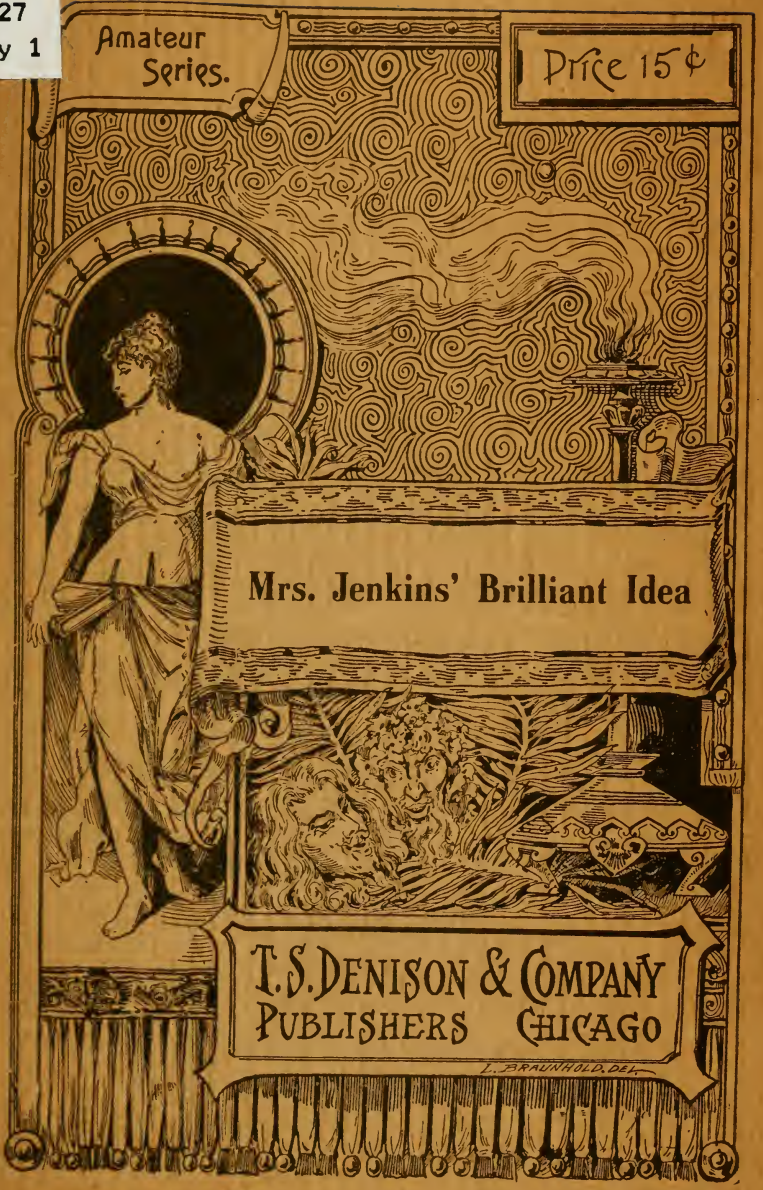

Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

L. BRAUNHOLD, DEL.

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Borrowing Trouble, 20 min....	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.....	2	1
Case Against Casey, 40 min...23		
Convention of Papas, 25 min..	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

MRS. JENKINS' BRILLIANT IDEA

A COMEDY
FOR EIGHT FEMALES

BY
JESSIE A. KELLEY
AUTHOR OF
"The Peddler's Parade," "Village Post Office," "Scenes in a Restaurant," "Miss Prim's Kindergarten," "Taking the Census in Bingville," "Reminiscences of the Donation Party," "The Rummage Sale," Etc.

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Jones.....*Who Is Chairman of the Committee*
Mrs. Smith.....*Who Is Observing*
Mrs. Brown .....*Who Hates Turkey Suppers*
Mrs. Lane .....*Who Is Called a Bargain Hunter*
Mrs. Scott.....*Who Wants a Cake Sale*
Mrs. Rowe.....*Who Doesn't Want an Entertainment*
Mrs. Hodge .....*Who Is Always Late*
Mrs. Jenkins.....*Who Has a Brilliant Idea*

Place—*Any Small City.*

Time of Playing—*About Thirty-five Minutes.*

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OCT 11 1915
No 1

COSTUMES.

The women may all wear ordinary street dress if they prefer, but grotesque costumes always make a "hit" and add much to the success of a farce.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT.

This comedy can be given on any platform, with or without a curtain. If given without a curtain, in arranging for the second scene, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jenkins can bring in a table or place one in the center of the stage, then begin opening bundles, etc. For the first scene a few chairs about the stage and a table are all that are absolutely necessary. As much more can be added as desired to make it look like the vestry or lecture room of a church. For the second scene, the same arrangement, with the addition of a long table on which are numerous pieces of fancy work, bric-a-brac, etc. Use any articles desired for the sale, the more ridiculous and senseless the better.

MRS. JENKINS' BRILLIANT IDEA

SCENE I: *Any room or platform on which are a few chairs and a table, to represent the vestry or lecture room of a church.*

MRS. SMITH, MRS. BROWN *and* MRS. LANE *enter together*

MRS. SMITH (*looking at watch or clock*). Five minutes of three—time Mrs. Jones was here.

MRS. LANE. I can't waste any time, I'm so interested in this new crochet pattern. I must get right to work at it. (*Sits down and gets out crocheting.*)

MRS. BROWN (*examining*). Isn't that a pretty pattern? I must make a sample of that. Lucky I brought my crochet hook along. (*Gets out hook and cotton.*) How many stitches in the chain?

MRS. LANE. Chain twenty-five, then turn and put a double crochet in every stitch.

MRS. SMITH. Well, I haven't time to waste on such foolish work—spoiling your eyes, too.

MRS. JONES *and* MRS. SCOTT *enter and exchange greetings with those present.*

MRS. JONES. I asked Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Jenkins to come.

MRS. SCOTT. Well, Mrs. Hodge never gets anywhere on time. She straggles into church every Sunday morning when the sermon is half over. I'd be ashamed.

MRS. SMITH. Some one ought to speak to her about it. It must disturb the poor, dear minister.

MRS. BROWN. Oh, let her alone. It's better late than never, and she does love to show off her fine clothes.

Enter MRS. ROWE *and* MRS. JENKINS. *Greetings are exchanged.*

MRS. ROWE. I hope I'm not late. I had to stop down town and order something for dinner tomorrow.

MRS. JENKINS. And I don't know as she would have decided what to have tonight if I hadn't helped her.

MRS. JONES. All here now except Mrs. Hodge and I think I hear her coming.

Enter MRS. HODGE.

MRS. HODGE. Am I the last one?

MRS. SMITH. Yes, as usual.

MRS. HODGE. I had such a time getting my hat on at a becoming angle. I've hurried so I'm all out of breath. (*To* MRS. LANE.) Isn't that the dearest pattern? I must learn it, but I'm doing tatting now. Do you tat? It's great fun.

MRS. JONES (*wrapping on table*). Ladies, we are all here now, so perhaps we had better begin. I presume you all know our Ladies' Aid Society has been divided into squads, each squad to try to raise twenty dollars in any way it sees fit. Our president asked me to be the leader of one squad. I have consented and I have asked all the ladies present to be on my committee. I have called you together this afternoon to talk over plans by which we can make that twenty dollars, and I shall be very glad to have suggestions from any of you.

MRS. SMITH. Let's have a turkey supper. Why, Mrs. —— told me they had one at the —— Church and made over fifty dollars. (*Local names may be used.*)

MRS. BROWN (*snappishly*). Who's going to do the work for it, I'd like to know? It's all very well to say turkey supper, but I know some folks that are never around when the kitchen work is to be done. All they want to do is the easy dress-up part. No, sirree, I don't vote for any turkey supper. I most broke my back washing dishes at that old sink last time we had a supper—didn't get over it for a week.

MRS. SMITH (*scornfully*). I suppose Mrs. Brown thinks she is hitting me when she says (*imitating*) "all they want to do is the easy dress-up work." I rather think I do as

much as she does, and my husband won't let me go in the old kitchen and wash dishes; so there.

MRS. LANE. Turkeys are dreadfully high and it *is* an awful lot of work. Can't we think of something else easier?

MRS. SCOTT. I'd rather work on two cake sales than one supper. Why don't we have a cake sale?

MRS. ROWE. I know *one* woman that will never make another cake for a cake sale.

OTHERS (*in chorus*). Who? Who is it?

MRS. ROWE. Mrs. ——

MRS. HODGE. Why, she makes elegant cake and always gives.

MRS. ROWE. Well, she never will again. Last time she said her cake cost her sixty cents and they sold it for forty.

MRS. JENKINS. Why, I saw that cake marked seventy-five cents.

MRS. JONES. So did I.

MRS. ROWE. Well, a bargain hunter (I shan't call any names but she's not very far away) (*looks over at* MRS. LANE), went to buy a cake there and wanted that one, but she did make the greatest fuss about the price; said it was exorbitant and it was simply disgraceful for the church folks to ask such prices. Finally she said she'd give forty cents for it, which was more than it was worth, and to stop her talk the committee let her have it for that.

MRS. LANE. I suppose Mrs. Rowe is talking about the cake I bought at your old cake sale. I want her to distinctly understand I am no bargain hunter. I paid every cent the old cake was worth, and more, too. (*Flounces down and wipes eyes.*) I shall just tell my husband what you say, and he'll never let me buy another one of your old cakes as long as I live, and I'll never make another one for you, either.

MRS. JONES. I'm sure, Mrs. Lane, that Mrs. Rowe didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I rather think suppers and cake sales have been done to death. I wish we could think of something different. Haven't any of you a bright idea?

MRS. HODGE. I suppose we might get up an entertainment of some sort. A farce always takes.

MRS. ROWE. Yes, and come night after night to rehearsals when not half the people are here so we can't do a thing. I vowed last time I helped get up a play I'd never do it again. Some won't come to rehearsals and some won't learn their parts, and some are so "woodeny" you'd almost like to pound them. Do let's think of something else.

MRS. JONES. Well, what is there, then?

MRS. JENKINS (*aside to* MRS. SMITH). Wouldn't you think if folks were going to wear false hair, they'd have it match? Part of Mrs. Jones' hair is red and part black. Isn't it something awful?

MRS. SMITH. Perhaps she is wearing her son's college colors. I understand they are red and black. But do take a look at Mrs. Lane's hat. Did you ever see such an unbecoming thing? Makes her look like ten years older.

MRS. JONES. Can't you suggest something? I've racked my brain. What do you think of a rummage sale?

MRS. SCOTT. I give all my old clothes to the Salvation Army.

MRS. LANE. I have some relations who can hardly wait for me to get them off my back.

MRS. ROWE. Last time we had a rummage sale we didn't get enough to pay our expenses.

MRS. LANE. Yes, and the minister's wife has asked us to bring anything we have to the church for our emergency box. We do have so many calls for clothing.

MRS. JENKINS. Say, I've thought of just the thing!

OTHERS (*in chorus*). Tell us quick! I'm glad of it!

MRS. JONES. Won't you stand up here beside me and tell us your plan?

MRS. JENKINS. No, I should be so scared if I stood up I couldn't say a word and I'd surely lose my brilliant idea. I'm going to sit right here.

MRS. ROWE. Well, if she has a brilliant idea, don't for mercy's sake let her lose it.

MRS. JONES. Go ahead, Mrs. Jenkins; we're all anxious to hear about it.

MRS. JENKINS. You know we all have a lot of useless, senseless things given us for Christmas and they have served their purpose with us.

MRS. LANE (*aside*). Yes, the old cracked vase she gave me was mighty senseless.

MRS. JENKINS. Let us have a rummage sale for just those things. You know how many of the people who come to the rummage sales grab at anything of that kind. I have a number of things I'd like to put in. What do you think of my brilliant idea, Mrs. Jones?

MRS. JONES. I think it is a fine idea and so novel. What do the other ladies think of it?

MRS. SMITH. I expect we all have some white elephants we'd like to get rid of. I think it's all right.

MRS. LANE. It wouldn't cost us anything at any rate and it looks like an easy way to make that twenty dollars.

MRS. BROWN (*aside*). Wouldn't cost anything! Let Mrs. Lane alone to look out for that. She wouldn't vote to do anything that would cost her a cent. I don't see how some folks can be so close. It does beat all.

MRS. JONES. What do you think of it, Mrs. Hodge?

MRS. HODGE. Oh, I have a bushel of stuff to put in. Let's go ahead and have it. I think we ought to give Mrs. Jenkins a vote of thanks for her brilliant idea.

MRS. SCOTT. I do hate to ask people for things. We are soliciting all the time.

MRS. ROWE. Huh! I'd just as soon ask people as not. They can't any more than refuse, can they?

MRS. LANE (*aside*). Yes, she's cheeky enough to ask people to give her the clothes right off their backs.

MRS. JONES. I think we needn't hesitate to ask for these things. Remember, it is to be only the useless, senseless things that have been given to us and that we want to get rid of. When shall we have the sale?

MRS. SMITH. Let's have it right off. We can bring all we have and ask the other church ladies for theirs and get it over quick.

MRS. BROWN. Let's get the things tonight and come tomorrow to put the prices on them and arrange them on the tables; then have the sale the next day.

MRS. JONES. Do the ladies think they can do that?

MRS. SMITH. I can come tomorrow.

MRS. LANE. I can't possibly. I'm going away to spend the day.

MRS. SCOTT. I've just got to stay at home tomorrow and do my mending. I've been doing so much church work there isn't a stocking in the house that hasn't a big hole in it.

MRS. ROWE (*aside*). I should think she'd better. There's a big hole in the heel of the one she's got on. Mighty slack, I call it.

MRS. JENKINS. Perhaps we could the day after.

MRS. JONES. Would that suit the ladies better?

MRS. LANE. I think I can come then.

MRS. SCOTT. I'll try to.

MRS. ROWE. I'll come. I say if you're going to do a thing do it and have it over with.

MRS. JONES. Let's call it day after tomorrow, then, at three o'clock. Now, do try to collect all the things you can, so we'll be sure to make that twenty dollars. If there's nothing else to plan I think we might start right out and get some of our "senseless" gifts collected this afternoon. (*Women get ready to go.* MRS. BROWN *and* MRS. LANE *put away their crocheting.*)

MRS. LANE. I've made about three inches of my lace

MRS. BROWN. I think I can do it all right now.

MRS. HODGE (*to* MRS. JENKINS). I think our sale will be a great success. I'm so glad you thought of it.

MRS. SMITH. I expect every church in the city will be having one.

MRS. ROWE. We'll be the first ones, anyway. Won't the other squads wish they had thought of it?

MRS. LANE. Do you think folks will buy such stuff?

MRS. SCOTT. Buy such stuff? Yes, they'll trample one another under foot to get first choice. Don't you know how they'll fight for an old pair of lace curtains and pay

five times what they're worth, and you can't get much of anything for a good sensible dress if it's a little out of style.

MRS. JENKINS. Come, hurry up, everybody, or it will be supper time before we have done any collecting.

MRS. BROWN. And I've got to make biscuits for supper.

MRS. JONES. I'm going to have oyster stew; that doesn't take long. (*Women go out, talking as they do so.*)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *Same as Scene I with the addition of a long table.* MRS. JONES *and* MRS. JENKINS *are putting price marks on the various articles arranged on the table.*

MRS. JENKINS (*holding up some article*). Well, that *is* a senseless thing. What on earth do you imagine it is supposed to be used for? I don't wonder whoever had that given to them wanted to get rid of it.

MRS. JONES. I'm sure I don't know what the thing is for. What do folks give such senseless things for? What shall we mark it?

MRS. JENKINS. Do you suppose anyone would be fool enough to give a quarter for it?

MRS. JONES. I shouldn't think so, but let's try it.

MRS. JENKINS (*picking up article*). Did you ever know of anything so impudent in all your life? If here isn't that ——— I gave Mrs. Lane last Christmas, and the saucy thing has marked a price on it—nine cents. That's just like her. She doesn't know enough to appreciate nice things.

MRS. JONES. Oh, dear, I hope our sale isn't going to make hard feelings.

MRS. JENKINS. Hard feelings! Well, I'll just get even with that spiteful jade. I'm going to run right home as quick as ever I can go and get that dish she gave me, and I'll crack it so it'll look cheaper than ever, and land knows it looked cheap enough before. I'll hurry so I can get back and get it on the table before she gets here. (MRS. JENKINS *rushes out.*)

MRS. SMITH *and* MRS. BROWN *enter with bundles.*

MRS. SMITH. You're here ahead of us, Mrs. Jones. Quite a lot of things here, too. Guess we'll make that twenty dollars all right.

MRS. BROWN. Have you marked them all?

MRS. JONES. Oh, no; I've just started and it's awfully hard to know what to mark them.

MRS. SMITH. I wouldn't give ten cents for the whole bunch. (*Looks at articles on table.*) Did you ever? Here's that ——— I gave Mrs. Scott. I spent hours and hours making it and the horrid old cat has put it in here. Wants to get rid of it, does she? Calls it a *senseless* gift, I suppose. I'm awfully glad I brought that ——— she gave me. (*Takes some article out of her bundle.*) There. I leave it to you if that isn't a good example of senseless giving. I'll fix a price mark on it and put it where she can't help seeing it. I'll never give her another thing as long as I live. The idea of her putting my present in such a sale as this. Have you a pencil and paper?

MRS. JONES. Yes, right here.

MRS. SMITH (*writing and reading as she writes*). "One cent, and dear at that. Will anyone be fool enough to buy it?" There, I rather think that will make matters even. I'll teach her to give away my lovely gifts.

MRS. JENKINS *enters, also* MRS. LANE *and* MRS. ROWE. MRS. JENKINS *attempts to put the article she went home for on the table without* MRS. LANE *seeing it.*

MRS. ROWE. Here's a whole lot of stuff I'm glad to get rid of. Strange, folks don't use any common sense in giving presents. Just look at these things. (*Takes out article after article, the more ridiculous the better.*) And this, I think, is the worst of all. Oh! (*Stops suddenly and tries to hide it. Aside.*) Gracious! I forgot Mrs. Jones gave me that.

MRS. JONES (*who has caught a glimpse of it*). I'd like to see (*mimicing*) "the worst of the lot."

MRS. ROWE (*embarrassed and showing another article*). Oh, yes, it was this. Isn't that too ridiculous for anything?

MRS. JONES. No, that was *not* it. You are trying to hide it but I saw it. It was that ——— I gave you last Christmas.

MRS. ROWE. Yes, it *was*, then, and I don't know as I care if you do know it. Perhaps it will be a lesson to you and you'll know better than ever to give anyone such a senseless gift again.

MRS. JONES. Perhaps you need a lesson yourself. (*Goes to table, picks up articles.*) Here's that ——— you gave me last Christmas, and this ——— you gave me my birthday, and this ——— you gave me the year before. All the rest of the trash you have given me I've put in the ash barrel long ago, and I only kept these around for fear you'd notice and ask where they were. Give *me* a lesson, indeed! Better learn your lesson yourself first.

MRS. LANE (*spying the gift she has given to* MRS. JENKINS). Now I know what you were trying to sly on the table, Mrs. Jenkins. I was watching you out of the corner of my eye all the time and I can read you like a book. Just because I put that silly thing you gave me in the sale you rushed home and got the one I gave you and put it in. Huh! I don't care. Put it in if you want to. You are only spiting yourself, for you know you hate awfully to give up that beautiful dish. Some folks are so childish, they get mad over nothing. If there *was* anybody who wanted that thing you gave me, I'm sure I wanted them to have it. I'm sick to death of seeing it around.

Enter MRS. SCOTT *with bundle.*

MRS. SCOTT. What a lot of things! Perhaps we'll make fifty dollars. Wouldn't that be lovely? I've got quite a lot of things here, too. (*Takes out article, laughs.*) Look at that thing, will you? Do you blame me for wanting to get rid of it? Isn't it the worst looking thing you ever saw in all your life? Can you imagine any sane person selecting such a gift? (*Aside to* MRS. JENKINS) Mrs. Brown gave me that and I'm just paying her back for telling me how old I was looking. (*Aloud, holding up article.*) Take a good look at it, ladies. It's really such

a freakish thing I ought to have put it on exhibition and charged admission. That would have been a good way to raise the twenty dollars, wouldn't it? (*Aside to* MRS. JENKINS.) Yes, the mean, hateful old thing is so jealous of me because I look so much younger and prettier than she does that she told me the other day I *must* be more careful of my health; I was looking so dreadfully old and losing my good looks. (*Aloud.*) Take another look at it, ladies, before I put it on the table.

MRS. BROWN (*to* MRS. SCOTT). I heard every word you said to Mrs. Jenkins and you know it's all true that I told you. Of course you know it is and that's what makes you so mad. Jealous of your good looks! I've lost more good looks than you ever had in your life.

MRS. SCOTT. If you ever had them you've surely lost them. (*They glare angrily at one another.*)

MRS. BROWN (*to* MRS. SMITH). My husband always said Mrs. Scott was a dreadfully commonplace sort of a person and I see now she is.

MRS. SMITH. You just watch until she sees what I've marked the old thing she gave me. There'll be some fun then. Do you know she had the audacity to put that lovely ——— I gave her in this old sale?

Enter MRS. HODGE *with bundle.*

MRS. HODGE. Are you all ready for the sale? We must put a sign up on the lawn so folks 'll know about it.

MRS. BROWN (*to* MRS. SMITH). Another new dress! I should think Mr. Hodge would get discouraged. All that woman thinks about is dress. That's the fourth new one she has had this winter, and they do say Mr. Hodge is likely to fail in business any time.

MRS. JONES. What did you bring, Mrs. Hodge?

MRS. HODGE. Oh, quite a lot of things. Guess I'll see what's here before I open my bundle. (*Aside.*) I brought something that everyone of these women gave me so I'd be on the safe side. Now I'll look the things on the table over and I'll know if there's anything I gave and just who I gave it to, and I'll be all ready for them. (*Looks at*

articles on table.) Why, here's this little image Mrs. Locke has had on her mantel-piece for the last fifty years, I should think.

MRS. SMITH. I can't remember when it wasn't there. I should think she would feel it was parting with one of the family to part with that.

MRS. ROWE. I should think she'd hope it would be a parting with a no hope of meeting again, either here or hereafter.

MRS. SCOTT. I've heard that it belonged to Mr. Locke's first wife and he was bound it should stay just where she put it.

MRS. HODGE (*aside*). Just as I expected. There's something here of mine from every one of these mean creatures, but I'll turn the tables on them good. (*Aloud, very sweetly.*) Now, do come, ladies, and see my collection. (*Opens bundle, ladies gather around.*) It's like Barnum's circus, the most wonderful and, I might add, the most senseless aggregation on the face of the earth. We were to bring the useless, senseless gifts and you'll say that's what I have brought when you see them. First, let me show you this ———, warranted to be absolutely good for nothing.

MRS. JONES. I call that a downright insult. I gave you that myself.

MRS. HODGE. Really, I can hardly believe it possible. Next is this ———, and if it has a use no one has as yet discovered it.

MRS. SMITH. Has a use; indeed! Anybody that had a particle of brains would know its use. I gave you that and it is a very useful article.

MRS. HODGE. My husband said the only use he could see for it was to encumber the earth. (MRS. SMITH *and* MRS. JONES *go aside, whisper, cast black looks at* MRS. HODGE, *etc.*) Next is this what-do-you-call-it. I've never been able to even name it.

MRS. BROWN. You impudent, wretched creature! After all the time I spent making it for you. (MRS. BROWN *weeps and wipes eyes.*)

MRS. LANE (*to* MRS. SCOTT). Let's not look at anything else she has. I believe she's brought something from each one of us.

MRS. SCOTT. I don't see how some folks can show such a disagreeable, spiteful spirit.

MRS. ROWE (*to* MRS. JENKINS). Let's go over to the table and leave her alone. I won't give her the satisfaction of letting her show me what I gave her.

MRS. JENKINS. That's what made her so late—hunting up all those things. Cat! (*Women gather around table, marking articles and looking things over.* MRS. HODGE *puts the rest of the things she has brought on the table.*)

MRS. HODGE (*sweetly*). I know you are all too busy to waste much time looking at the things I brought, but (*sarcastically.*) I rather think you'll see them all just the same.

MRS. SCOTT (*spies the article* MRS. SMITH *has marked, reads aloud.*) "One cent and dear at that. Will anyone be fool enough to buy it?" (*Goes over to* MRS. SMITH, *very wrathy.*) I'd have you understand that I paid two dollars for that and it's two dollars more than you'll ever get from me again.

MRS. SMITH. Two dollars indeed! I saw bushels of them in the ten-cent store and no one would buy them even at that price. Two dollars, indeed! (*Laughs scornfully.*)

MRS. SCOTT. It was a mean, contemptible trick to put such a beautiful gift in here at all, but when you write such lies as that on it, it is adding insult to injury, and I'll never speak to you again as long as I live, and what's more I'm not going to stay here any longer to be insulted.

MRS. SMITH. I guess I won't lose a wink of sleep over it if you don't ever speak to me again.

MRS. SCOTT. Who cares whether you do or not? (*Exit.*)

MRS. HODGE. I'm going home, too, and I think I shall resign from this society and join the Ladies' Aid Society of the ——— Church. They know enough to be polite to people, which is more than can be said of some people I know. (*Hasty exit.*)

MRS. SMITH. I don't see how so many disagreeable women ever got into one church. I'm going right home and tell my husband all about it. Come on, Mrs. Lane.

MRS. LANE. I know one thing; it will be a long, long time before I ever work on a sale in this church again. (MRS. LANE *and* MRS. SMITH *go out.*)

MRS. BROWN. My head aches dreadfully and I never want to hear the words "rummage sale" as long as I live.

MRS. ROWE. Neither do I. We never had such a disgraceful time in our church. I'm going home.

MRS. BROWN. So am I.

MRS. JONES. But what are we going to do with all this stuff?

MRS. BROWN. I don't know and I don't care.

MRS. ROWE. I wish the old stuff had all been burned instead of being brought here to make all this trouble. Come along, Mrs. Brown; let's get out of here quick. (MRS. BROWN *and* MRS. ROWE *go out.*)

MRS. JONES (*to* MRS. JENKINS). What shall we do with all this stuff? It's no use; we never can sell it after all this fuss.

MRS. JENKINS. Let's get a basket or barrel and pile it all in and ask the janitor to burn it. I don't see anything else to do with it.

MRS. JONES. I don't either. I'll go get a barrel. (MRS JONES *goes out, brings in barrel, they put everything in it, making remarks about some of the things and the people who gave them.*)

MRS. JENKINS. I'll call the janitor and have him take it right out of sight. It makes me sick to look at it. (*Steps to door, calls.*) Mr. Hale, Mr. Hale: will you come and get this barrel of stuff and burn it up just as quick as ever you can?

JANITOR *enters and takes out barrel.*

MRS. JONES. There goes my twenty dollars.

MRS. JENKINS. And my brilliant idea.

MRS. JONES. And I'm afraid we've broken up the so-

ciety. Oh, dear! I don't believe I think much of this squad business. I'm going home and have a good cry.

MRS. JENKINS. No use; might as well laugh as cry.

(MRS. JONES *and* MRS. JENKINS *go out.*)

CURTAIN.

Macbeth à la Mode

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

School burletta in 3 acts; 7 males, 7 females, also teachers, students, etc., with only a few lines. Time, 1¼ hours. No scenery required, merely a front curtain and an easel with placards announcing scenes. **Plot:** Willie Macbeth is the social leader of the Senior Class. With his friend Banquo he encounters Three Witches, who prophecy that he will pass his examinations, be elected to a class office and will play on the football team. The first two prophecies come true and in Act II, Lady Macbeth, his mother, arranges for him to play on the football team, by drugging the captain. Macbeth flies to the witches for further advice and learns that he will make a touchdown. He does, but runs with the ball toward the enemy's goal, thus losing the game for his own team. Contains five songs: "Fairwell, My Fairy Fay," "Tact," "The Senior Class," "Music and Laughter" and "Good Night," all sung to college airs. This play is very humorous and particularly adapted for schools.

THE WITCHES' CHANT

Round about the cauldron go;
Mathematics you must know.
Let X equal the cold stone,
When will Y be thirty-one?
Drop that in the mystic pan;
Tell me, pray, how old is Ann?
Double, double, boil and bubble,
Mathematics makes them trouble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Biology makes 'em cut and jab.
Thirteen hours a week in lab.
Latin, Greek and German, too,
Fifty pages make a stew.
And to thicken up the mystery.
Take two chapters English History.
Physics, French and English Lit.
Spend an hour on each or git.
All night long from six to three,
Study math and chemistry.
In the hours when you should dream,
Write an English twelve-page theme.
Work at night and Sunday, too.
Outside reading you must do.
Next day, when you're on the bunk,
Teacher springs exam—you flunk.
Double, double, boil and bubble,
High school life is full of trouble.
Cool it with a Freshman's blood,
Then the charm is thick and good.
By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Reminiscences of the Donation Party

By JESSIE A. KELLEY.

Price, 25 Cents

The soliloquy of a minister's wife, with tableaux. For 40 or more characters, both sexes, although the number is optional and it can be presented with a smaller cast. Time, about 35 minutes. The wife at the side of the stage recounts the many amusing incidents of the party, tells who attended and what they brought, etc. The characters appear in pantomime. This entertainment is unique. It fills the demand for something that can be put on "at the last moment." It eliminates the usual long preparations required in producing a play; no parts to memorize and it can be played on any platform. Highly humorous, replete with local hits and strongly recommended for church societies.

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The Royal Highway

By CHARLES ULRICH.

Price, 25 Cents

A comedy-drama in 4 acts; 8 males, 3 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors. **Characters:** Arthur Morgan, a lawyer. Charles Williams, a mine superintendent. Bill Hampton, a political boss. Harry Felton, a clerk. Horace Allen, a secretary. Rev. Jordan, a Methodist minister. Jimmy Farrell, an ex-convict. Sam Harrison, a detective. Margaret Ames, known as Miss Holmes. Lucy Matthews, a stenographer. Mrs. Mary Jones, president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—The game of modern politics. The bribe. Morgan defies a political boss. "I'll crush you like I would a fly!" An anonymous philanthropist. The compact and avowal of love. The robbery and accusation. Margaret saves Morgan's honor. "No, it was Providence!"

Act II.—"I wish I had a millionaire friend like Miss Ames!" Farrell butts in. "Youse is playing a game of hearts what ain't in your contract." Williams divides the spoils. Margaret defies Williams, "Where did you get that money?" A villian's kiss and punishment. The power of attorney. "You'll be at my feet crying for mercy!"

Act III.—"Who is this anonymous philanthropist?" "The New York police are looking for you!" The tables turned. "I'll get your measure all right!" The story of Morgan's sorrow. "I could not forgive the woman who deceived me!" The nomination and accusation. Margaret's joy. "You are indeed a man among men!"

Act IV.—"This suspense is driving me mad!" The letter. "I'm on the track of the man who killed my sister!" The convict's secret. "Williams was my pal in Sing Sing!" Margaret reveals herself. "Gee! She's an iceberg!" "How little you know of true love!" Williams pays the penalty of treachery. Harry's promotion. On the royal highway.

Re-Taming of the Shrew

By JOHN W. POSTGATE.

Price, 25 Cents

Humorous Shakespearean travesty in one act; 6 males, 5 females. Time, about 45 minutes. One simple interior scene. **Characters:** Petruchio, Angelo, Duke of Illyria, Othello, Macbeth, Grumio, Katherine, Mariana, Viola, Desdemonia and Lady Macbeth. **Plot:** After her woeful honeymoon, Katherine becomes an ardent suffragist and imposes household duties on Petruchio, who submits to petticoat government. At a meeting of the women, man's doom as a political or domestic power is announced. The women return to Petruchio's home to find their husbands having a high old time. A lively controversy ensues but the men win the day when they threaten to appeal to the divorce courts. This travesty draws material from "Taming of the Shrew," "Measure for Measure," "Twelfth Night," "Othello" and "Macbeth." It retains many of the original lines from the plays, yet most ingeniously devised to fit the conditions of today. Costumes either Shakespearean or modern. Especially recommended for schools, colleges, etc. Replete with humor and should please any good club or society.

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The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** 1 interior. **Characters:** Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you." On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors, 1 exterior. **Characters:** Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

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